

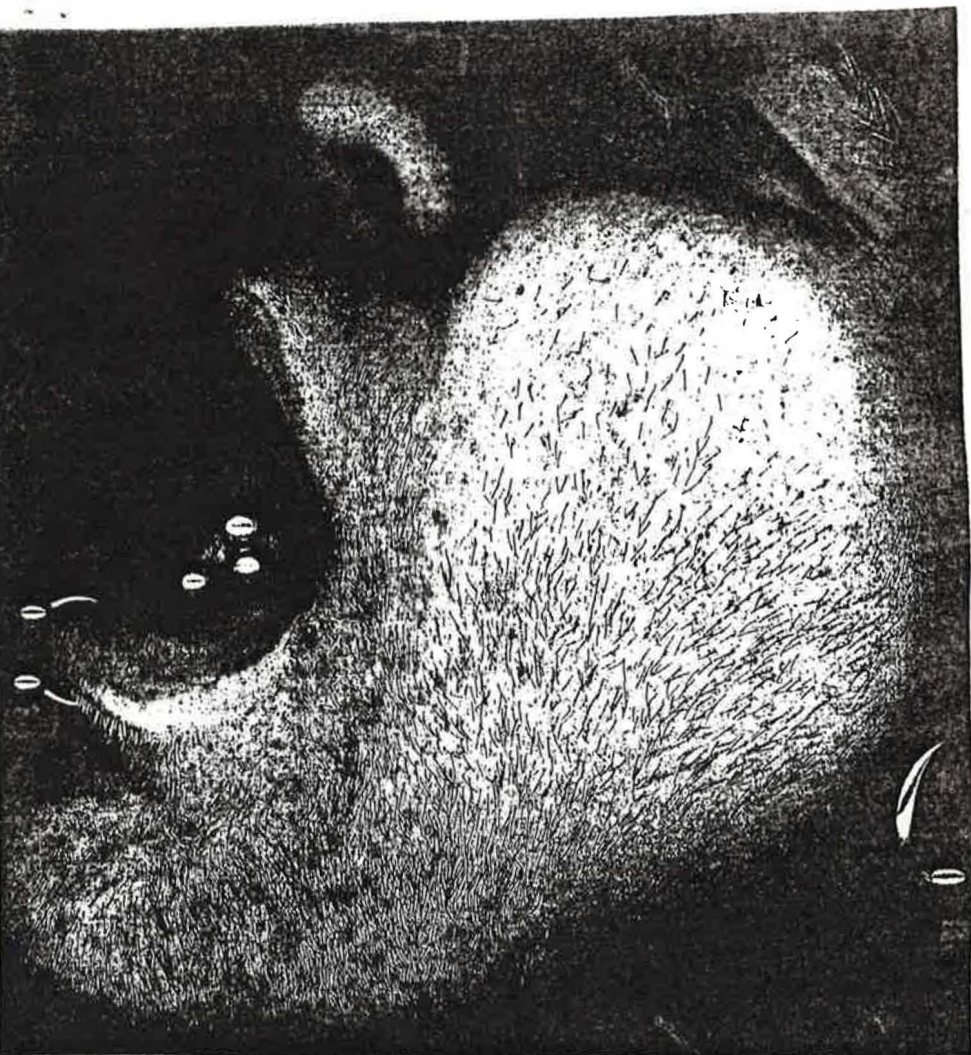
# ANTHEMS FOR A DOOMED Youth

Feb. 2004

Issue #4

split issue

- Intimate Interviews
- Reviews
- Punk to me
- Contributions,



Matt Lazzara Tribute

**Greetings all-**

So it's been almost a year since the last one of these things I did. Some things have changed, and some stayed the same. So Mark showed me the ways with this zine thing. And he came to me with an idea to do a split issue. It's so crazy. So yeah I decided to do it cause it seemed like a good idea at the time. Sharing space with Mark, one of the craziest guys I know, you never know what you'll get with Mark, like the time we walked through a sewer with plastic bags over our shoes, or the time we were in the city and some guy had a lasor scope on Mark's forehead, and some guy was walking his dog and watching Mark pee, and someone yelled at us for climbing on top of the school. Or the time we explored the train tracks near the quarry and the GM plant.

*As usual I am still looking for contributors for this, write me a little dity and I'll put it in. So write me, or just write me to write me.*

**BACK ISSUES STILL AVAILABLE.**

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*Thanx to Mark, Ryan McClure, & Jamie Fetty.*

# Things listened to during

## this wackiness

"You always knew just how to bury your sins beneath my skin. I am the fevered words that you wished you'd never said."  
-Most Precious Blood Nothing in Vain CD

"The deeper I sink the more life flows out of me."  
-Converge Caring and Killing CD

"Words cannot convince the mind when I can't believe my eyes."  
-Burnt by the Sun Soundtrack to the Personal Revolution CD

"Every day we're slowly dying. The end is far too near. To reverse the past. And build again the devastated full of fear."  
-Throwdown You don't have to be Blood to be Family CD

"Headlines distort what we see as our borders."  
-Boy Sets Fire Tomorrow Comes Today CD

"I don't want to wait another day to see your face. Swallow these butterflies, everytime I look in your eyes."  
-Black Print Movement CD

"No need to cut me open, I died of a broken heart."  
-Most Precious Blood Our Lady of Annihilation CD

"It's time for a change, don't let life burn away. Leave your past behind regret is needless pain. Dream like you'll live forever. I live like you'll die tomorrow."  
-Walls of Jericho All Hail the Dead CD

cool things people said  
and I found it  
somewhere cool.

"You can only protect your liberties in this world by protecting the other man's freedom. You can only be free if I am free."  
-Clarence Darrow

"By idolizing those whom we honor, we do a disservice both to them and to ourselves...WE fail to recognize that we could go and do likewise."  
-Charles V. Willie

"There will never be enough money to give each person the house, the job, the school fees that they need, but we always have enough humanity to treat one another with the respect and dignity that we all deserve."  
-Jean Bertrand Aristide

"The threats we face are global terrorist attacks. That's the threat. And the more you love freedom, the more likely it is you'll be attacked."  
-President George Bush



To my left there is a bleach-blond girl wearing an Abercrombie shirt, GAP jeans, with an Eddie Bauer backpack and Nike shoes. To my right, a group of boys talks about the latest episode of The Real World and how big a slut so-and-so is.

I just walk to the lab to type a report. I sit at the latest in Macintosh technology, but my concentration is interrupted when a freshman girl comes up to me and asks if I'm a punk.

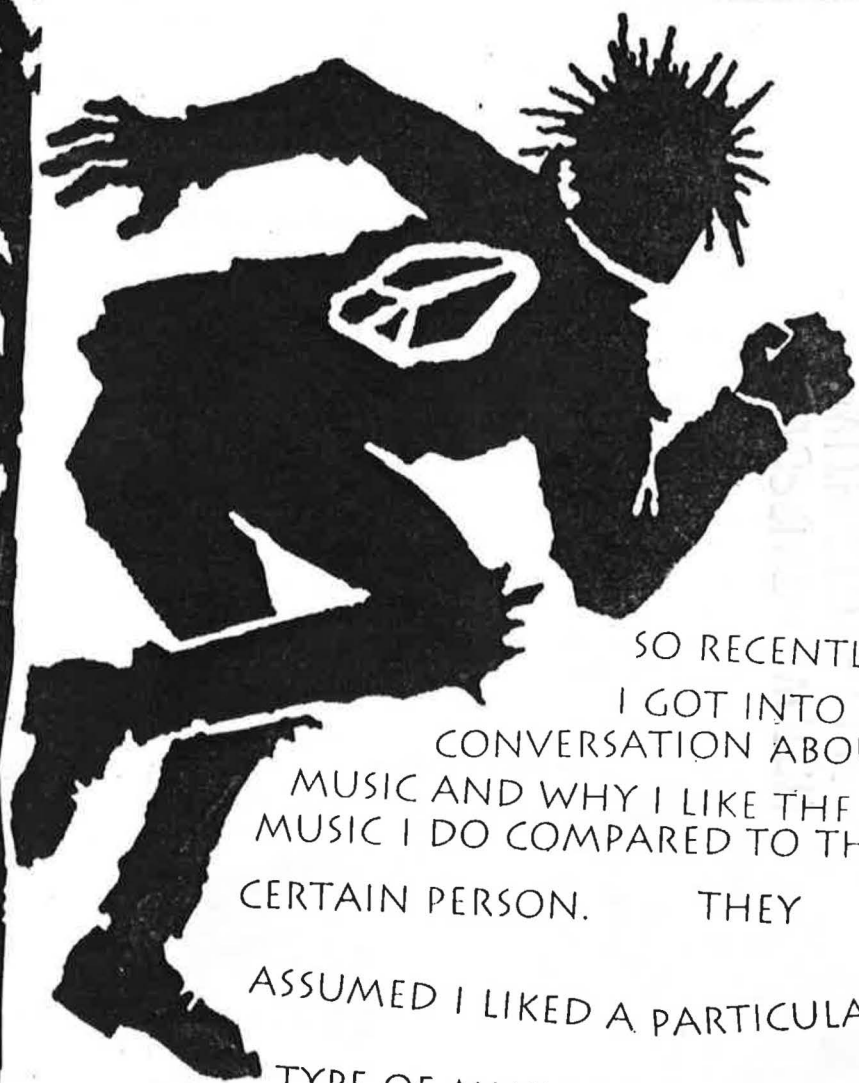
"Maybe," I reply. "What does it matter to you?"

"Well, you must shop at Hot Topic!" she squeals confident she's right. "That's where I got these pants!"

I just rolled my eyes. "I shop at resale stores or make my own."

"Oh" Her eyes, caked with eyeliner, cast down and then back up again. "Well, you must like Avril Lavigne then. You dress like her."

It's then that I realize that teenaged society is nothing more than a wasteland of drones, a prototype for a conformist future, a future where the flock rules the world and the little army of rebels, artists, individuals and freaks are driving into the darkness.



SO RECENTLY  
I GOT INTO A  
CONVERSATION ABOUT  
MUSIC AND WHY I LIKE THE  
MUSIC I DO COMPARED TO THIS  
CERTAIN PERSON. THEY  
ASSUMED I LIKED A PARTICULAR  
TYPE OF MUSIC BECAUSE OF  
THE STYLE OF CLOTHES I WAS WEARING,  
AND YOU KNOW, THEY WERE NOT VERY  
CLOSE TO WHAT MUSIC I LIKE FROM WHAT  
I WAS WEARING. ANOTHER TIME I WAS  
ASKED

# Say Hello to forgetting names

By Ryan Durkin

WITH OTHER SIDE

After a nerve-racking encounter with an old classmate I found myself with a Topic for a well-meaning article. You see, I'm very good at a lot of things, like playing tennis, riding roller coasters, and eating candy. However there is something that I'm truly the best at, and that is forgetting people's names. So I've decided, what better topic to write about then what to do when you forget someone's name. So let's start with the basics. First you'll want to get yourself acquainted with the words "dude" and "man". These words are essential if you are going to try the first trick in the book, the "name bypass". They are considered a "name forgetters" best friends. Supplemented with sly smiles and rapid verbal skills you can usually slice and dice through any awkward moment by saying something like "Dude, what is up my man!" The hipsters love this shit and eat it up like a thrift store's grand opening. "Dude" and "man" will only get you so far though. Depending on what types of dip shits you're dealing with you might have to break out some more complicated maneuvers. In business settings, the business card trick always works well. If you forget someone's name, make up some shit that gets your opponent to pull out their business card if they have one. My favorite line is, "Look at my business card, it's so bland looking. Let me see your card. I want to compare it to mine." (Editor's Note: Make sure not to say the person's name right after you see their business card because this is a dead give away that you are a "name forgetter". Save the name disclosure till the end of the conversation for maximum cover-up potential.) If you are not in a business setting, you can also opt for the driver's license trick, which works pretty similarly. Some girls might not show you their card though because their sensitive about their weight or picture. That's when you have to resort to the final offensive in the "name forgetter" arsenal. When all else fails and you have that dick on you

that just won't quit, acting like you knowing their name is coming between them and their ability to rub one off in the bathroom, you have to pull out the "fuck you sundae". When someone keeps insisting for you to tell them their name you won't say they say your other person with the correct respond "No, that's name is fuck off" tend not to bother you something like this.

name tell them that their name until name. When the naturally replies name you then not my name. My and eat me!"People after you say



GEORGE CARLIN POST 9-11 (His wife recently died...) Isn't it amazing that George

Carlin - gross and mouthy comedian of the 70's and 80's - could write something so very eloquent ... and so very appropriate post 9-11. A wonderful Message by George Carlin:

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers, wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more, but have less, we buy more, but enjoy less. We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time. We have more degrees but less sense, more knowledge, but less judgment, more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness. We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often.

We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life not life to years not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbor. We conquered the atom, but not our prejudice. We write more, but learn less. We plan more, but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small character, sleep profits and shallow relationships. These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes. These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill. It is a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

Remember, spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever.

Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side. Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to you,

because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember, to say, "I love you" to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you. Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again. Give time to love, give time to speak, and give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

#### HOW TO STAY YOUNG

1. Throw out nonessential numbers. This includes age, weight, and height. Let the doctor worry about them. That is why you pay him/her.
2. Keep only cheerful friends.. The grouches pull you down.
3. Keep learning. Learn more about the computer, crafts, gardening, whatever. Never let the brain idle. "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." And the devil's name is Alzheimer's.
4. Enjoy simple things.
5. Laugh often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath.
6. The tears happen. Endure, grieve, and move on. The only person who is with us our entire life, is ourselves. Be ALIVE while you are alive.
7. Surround yourself with what you love, whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever. Your home is your refuge.
8. Cherish your health: If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.
9. Don't take guilt trips. Take a trip to the mall, to the next country, to a foreign country, but NOT to where the guilt is.
10. Tell the people you love that you love them, at every opportunity.

#### AND ALWAYS REMEMBER:

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.





Matt Lazzara was a great friend who lost a battle with cancer this past February. Matt seriously had a heart of gold and looked out for everyone around him. He was wise beyond his 21 years. The following is a letter that Matt wrote. It brings tears to my eyes everytime I read it. I hope you can find something in it that touches you, too.

WRITTEN BY MATT LAZZARA

this is all true. september 7th, 2003  
the clock is ticking...

i don't think a lot of people sit around and contemplate their lives. i mean, people think about their futures and what they're *going* to do, and what they *should* have done in order to achieve something, but i don't think anyone contemplates their present. what they're doing right now. everyone's heard of living in the moment or whatever, but i think very few people act on it. myself included and that's something that i regret immensely.

life is a finite thing. obviously, everyone's life is going to end, but mine has a time limit. no surprises for me. and depressingly enough, that time limit is going to run out rather soon. i've never really told anyone how long i have left, or what exactly (in great detail) is wrong with me, because i would rather my friends viewed me as a vital, volatile, rather silly human being rather than an animated corpse. a dead man walking. that's being unfair to them, because they deserve to know what's going on, and they are amazingly supportive human beings. but at age 21, most people don't understand or know how to contemplate the thought that someone you know, or care about, is going to die. and i'm terrified that if they did know, they would abandon me for more secure, lasting relationships.

so every day, every minute is vital to me. the most mundane things are breaths of fresh air. the things that most people take for granted but shouldn't- a kiss, a pudding fight, a good long walk or an intriguing conversation-are now intensely important to me. and i think they should be important to everyone. the fact that i know i won't be able to experience these things make them achingly more important to me, and they make me desperate to achieve them one more time.

i want to close my eyes and kiss a girl one more time; the kind of kiss that makes you feel like you're floating. the kind where you forget to do something with your hands because it's so good. i want to go camping and lay in the grass and think about how naively beautiful the day is. i want to shoot off fireworks and run away when the cops pull up. i want someone to hold my hand and tell me something nice about myself. i want to be able to read the paper and deride george w. to someone, and have them hate that asshole with me. i want to sit on a stoop late into the night, drinking shitty beer and telling stories. i want to feel *alive*, and not dead or dying. and i think that those things-the

most trivial and passing connections to the world and people in it-are violently important.

so this is my contribution to you. i'm desperately telling you-all of you-to take advantage of your youth and vitality. i hear too many people talking about college and getting shitty jobs afterward. i hear too many people talking about work and how this and that sucks. fuck, we're all wasting our lives doing things that disconnect us from everyone else! you don't need a four or five year plan, and you sure as hell don't need to worry about your future. worry about right now, and what you're going to do tonight. worry about feeling innocent and immature again. worry about making every day something to talk about, and not just another blank page in your life.

i used to act like you. i had a plan. i had a future. and that all blew away. but right now, i barely have a present, and that's how i've realized the error of our ways. please, *please* don't get old and die and die of cancer, and realize you did nothing with your life but make plans that never happened. don't miss opportunities anymore. if you like someone, tell them. if you think the time is right to kiss someone, do it. if you feel like you're in a rut, do something stupid and silly and fun. if you feel the world is ugly, make something beautiful. stop being so cautious. some movie line said: if you take life too seriously, you'll never get out alive.

trust me, as much as life sucks sometimes, and wow, do i know it sucks, it is still the only thing we know. it is the only thing that matters, and it's wonderful. life is a beautiful, ridiculous, tragic disaster, but it's the only thing we have. so don't let it lie by the wayside in pursuit of crap that's barely important. *people* are the most important resource, and so are the relationships built with them. i feel the pinch of that more than ever now. if we could spend 400 billion dollars to cure cancer instead of building and maintaining weapons, i wouldn't have to write this. so this is, essentially, a plea. this is the most personal thing i've ever written, and i hope it reaches more people than i ever could.

don't forget this is the only life you have. make something worthwhile out of it, and no one who you've laughed, cried, kissed, and bled with will ever forget you.

Matt will be greatly missed. I have some of my best memories include Matt. My first kiss was not with Matt but he was involved. Stealing my sisters punk tapes and listening to Screaming Weasel in my basement. "We didn't give a shit about tomorrow. Hey Suburbing, we're in love with you," will never be the same again. First time I got wasted, Matt was there, laughing at me.

Check Twice,

Thrice, and Maybe

Five Times

The obsessive compulsive circles his car at least five times  
before he walks into the family restaurant, before he sits  
down alone to eat.

The wall between sections blocks my view.

I wonder if he cleans his fork and knife and spoon as  
many times.

He gets up when he is done, leaves some

change as tip and  
checks the  
table and  
floor.

By Ryan McClure

Walks away, comes back and checks the table and floor again.

Walks away, comes back and checks the table  
and floor. Walks

away and turns, looks, talks to himself and walks to pay.

He turns to leave but stops and looks back twice,

himself before he contently smiles as he walks  
talking to

out the door. Only to be confronted with his car again,

walks around a few  
times before he gets  
inside. I want to talk to this  
man, see his world.



# THE WILD ART OF REVIEWING

## Walls of Jericho-All Hail the Dead CD (Trustkill Records)

This is being dubbed as the best hardcore album of 2004, and I might just have to agree (even it's only been 3 months long). Songs, lyrics, layout, metal riffs, screaming, it's all here. The layout is a robotic theme throughout, robots dying and in pieces. Robots are always cool. The lyrics are what you have come to expect from WOJ, hear felt and extremely personal. My favorite song, "Through the eyes of a dreamer" kind of goes along with a small theme in this issue. Candace sings, "It's time for a change, don't let life burn away. Leave your past behind regret is needless pain. Dream like you'll live forever, live like you'll die tomorrow." The only problem is they put on one old song from a previous album, that's lame.

## Frontside-Your Wings at My Feet CD (self-released)

Definitely their best stuff to date, and unfortunately their last



Frontside

Sweet cardboard and spray paint design layout. They have one of the funniest song titles that I've heard in a long time. "She broke my heart so I broke her jaw." But I found you it was something from that awful movie "Varsity Blues." Well I guess I won't hold it against them. But I should.

## He Who Corrupts-10 Steps to Success CD/LP (Sinister Label and 625 Thrashcore Records)

Insane corporate grindcore from the financial district of Chicago. Features x-members of Kungfu Rick and Authority Abuse. The masters of corporate grindcore unleash their debut LP. 10 songs of crazy, intricate grind with a groove. The perfect

soundtrack for corporate mergers and nailing your secretary. This stuff rocks me senseless. I hear this and I can't think straight which makes it hard to write a review for this CD. They are getting so snotty with their corporate schemes that they are planning a discography CD sometime in the summer.



He Who Corrupts

Jeez, they're only in it for the money.

### DIP SHIT -demo

Local music from Charleston, ILL, about as hard as it gets down here, i'm still talking about the music folks. 4 songs demo with a movie quote from the wonderful movie starring the governor of California. It sounds like they try harder on some songs than they do on others. Most of them live in a house that was rented by a bunch of sorority girls. When they moved in they didn't do a good job of cleaning and i found a dirty tampon under their couch. Crazy sorority girls and their initiation stunts. Funny lyrics

though, "Stab the old man when he's not looking. Throw him in the stove, his flesh will be cooking."

### Most Precious Blood-Our Lady of Annihilation CD (Trustkill Records)

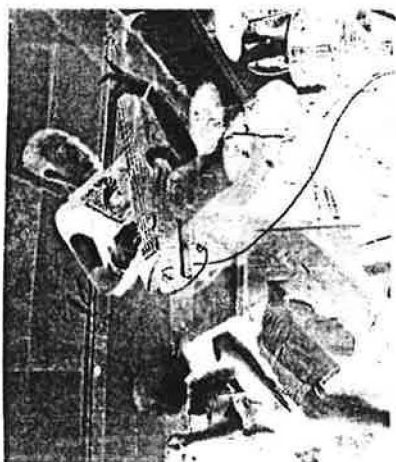
New album by MPB, and a lineup change. Rob Fusco from One King Down fame is on vocals now. He's a good singer and keeps with the themes that MPB would play but i like the old singer just a little bit more. They do it again with haveing commentary about randomness from tours after all the tracks are done. It's about 30 minutes of

mindless ramblings about puke and sniffing peoples farts and farts getting into your lungs, really weird stuff. It's funny to note that Rachel the guitarist doesn't like to eat outside on cafe's and sometimes not a bbq's. that's kind of funny if you ask me. If the weather is nice i would like to eat outside all the time. In high school we had a courtyard where we could eat when the weather was nice. we always ate out there then had bush jumping contests. Once this kid Ted who is slightly vertically challenged decided he would try and he totally didn't make it, and he fell in the tree and got caught and ripped his shirt on the way out. Then we all tackled him and ripped the rest of his shirt off. He had to walk around the rest of the day with his wife beater shirt on. The album is rather good. I liked their other album and I like this as

well. It's a different singer but still in the same vein of their other stuff.

### Black Print-Movement EP (Quincy Shanks)

For fans of John Brown Battery, it's in the same style. Mark saw this band play twice I think. He said that the singer was almost mimicking the same moves as the At The Drive-In singer, move for move, and same facial expressions. It sucks when you see a band copy another band



Kung Fu Rick

move for move, and it's a band that you don't like so much. But anyways this is only a 5-song EP, it leaves you wanting more. They are being compared to such bands as Drive like Jehu, Jawbreaker, and Hot Water Music. And I do not see any comparisons to any of those bands. Features members of John Brown Battery and 4-Squares.

### L'Spaerow- s/t CD Lucid Records

I can't really classify this in any type of genre that i can think of. It's kind of like when you take

mushrooms before you go see the Vatican like my roommate did when he was in Europe. He didn't tell the guy he was with that he took mushrooms, and it was his first time doing mushrooms, he started seeing people on the streets with all these eyes and they were staring at him, similar to L'Spaerow, it's like all these eyes staring at you and you don't know what to do. It's got some guy that is mildly know for being in Braid. This is much darker than anything you would find from Braid or Hey Mercedes. Guitar delays, synth layers, drum machine songs, piano is what you'll get here. Kind of new-wave gothic sounding. very complicated stuff with all the guitar layers flying over each other like seeing statues and bust in the Vatican while taking some 'shrooms. It's damn wild I tell ya.

"And you'll know us by the  
**JESUS WAS** bridges that



we left in  
flames.  
And you'll

know us by  
the  
chemicals  
in our  
veins."

**A COMING**

# Intimate Interview-

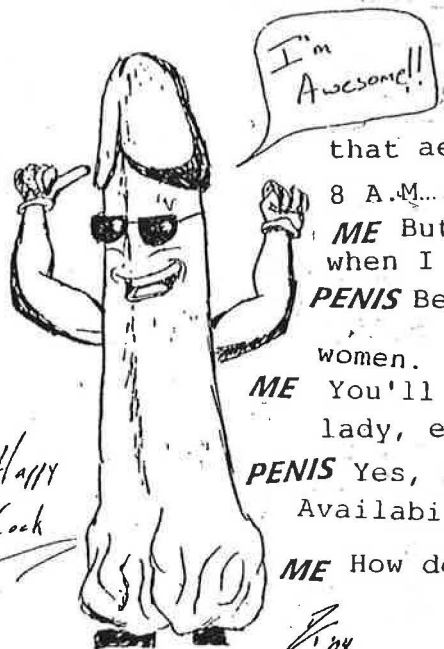
Recently I sat down with my penis for a frank discussion about stuff and things.

**ME** Penis, you're a controversial figure, shrouded in mystery and sometimes cotton. Why do you have to get up so darn early?

**PENIS** I'm an early riser. Don't get so testy!

**ME** Yes, but all I'm doing then is waking up. I'm not even thinking about sex yet.

**PENIS** Look, I'm not just being a dick. There's a scientific reason for it: Your testosterone levels are highest in the morning.



**ME** What gets you excited during the day?

**PENIS** Coworkers, anchorwomen, that aerobics lady who comes on at 8 A.M....I love her

**ME** But how come nothing happens when I take you to a strip club?

**PENIS** Because I'll never have those women.

**ME** You'll never have the aerobics lady, either.

**PENIS** Yes, but she seems approachable. Availability is a huge deal with me.

**ME** How do you feel about condoms?

**PENIS** They're not so bad. I like the friction.

**ME** Then you don't mind all my adjusting?

**PENIS** Well, no-that's annoying. Couldn't you by underwear that won't twist me around?

**ME** So what would you prefer: boxers or briefs?

**PENIS** Boxers. I like a little swing in my step.